In the Category of Sports Clothes

Two sweaters—as far separated from one another in style as the North is from the South—are presented for the consideration of the sportswoman in the picture above. Each is representative of a type; the first, at the right of the two, being an example of styles used where the sweater is called upon to give actual warmth and freedom of movement. It is a close-knit, snug-fitting garment of wool, machine made, with cap to match, and is one of several varieties that the outdoor girl and the sportswoman find indispensable. This model is in one color, has patch pockets and a wide turnover collar—with knitted band to hold it close up about the neck. This is its novel feature and speaks for itself, for it assures comfort in the face of icy winds. The cap is in two colors.

Sweater coats of brushed wool are much like this model except that they are loose and belted. Usually collar, cuffs and pockets are bordered with a band in contrasting color. Vivid and high colors are well represented, but do not predominate in the new sweaters; turquoise, rose and purple with orange appear among them. The brushed wool sweater coats are very warm looking.

A rival of the sweater has arrived in the very wide scarfs, usually in two-color combinations, having pockets in the fringed ends and belts to match. There is as great a variety in these as in sweaters, suited to as many purposes and climes as the competitors which they are destined to displace, or at least to share favors with.

The pretty garment and cap at the left, by contrast with its sturdy companion, is only acting a part. It is a sleeveless affair of knitted silk, having a cross-bar in a contrasting color, with small tassels suspended on silk cords of the same color, about the bottom. It is made in the slip-on style, but opens a little way down the front where a single button and two cords, ending in tassels, provide fastening and finish. Not much is required of it in the way of warmth and it can, therefore, afford to be sleeveless. The cloth tam, worn with it, is run with stitches like the cross-bar in the sweater in color and a narrow girdle of the silk is knotted loosely about the waist. This is an interpretation of the sweater for tourists to lands of the sun. Its mission is less practical than that of its companion which must face the snow, but they both belong in the category of sports clothes.

Among the very handsome garments of the same character for Southern tourists' wear are the sweaters with fitted body and rippled skirts, crocheted of heavy silk yarn. They have elbow sleeves ending in a wide ripple, and, without pretense to any usefulness, other than that of looking lovely, they are the most dignified of all the offerings for sports wear. The crochet work is very open, amounting to a heavy square mesh, for which the blouse worn provides a background.

Hats That Match Merry Eyes

Life is made up of a number of pleasant things, including pretty hats, for little misses like those who look out at us from the picture above. No one with existence overshadowed by an unsatisfactory hat, could look so gay and carefree as this trio. Perhaps it is because this millinery, with bobbing tassel, pert bow, or flying ends, is less plain than the majority of hats made for girls. It has velvet and ribbon and tucks and everything to make it a joy to pretty wearers, and we must concede that it matches up well with dancing curls and merry eyes.

We just cannot get away from long-napped furry beaver in children's hats, but it has not a monopoly in the smart sailor with upward-rolling brim at the top of the picture. Here a soft beehive crown made of row after row of narrow grosgrain ribbon, is set off by the beaver brim of a contrasting color. A collar, with a knot and two outstanding ends of ribbon at the back puts a sprightly finishing touch to a successful hat.

Beaver is again among those present when the materials used in the hat at the right are inventoried. Here it covers a crown over which it is draped. The brim is quite splendid with shirred velvet as a rich foil for the crown in a lighter color. Velvet and beaver tell the story of this hat and it has a happy ending—a dancing tassel of yarn writes "finis" for it and joins the company of many dancing curls.

Time has added years enough to the history of the girl at the left to allow her a hat that looks much like a turban made of velvet. It has a modified tam crown with a band of tucked velvet inserted about it. At the side a loop and end of velvet are wired to stand out at a saucy angle, and this young person has arrived at the dignity of a fur neckpiece and large puffs of hair over her ears. She has therefore all the earmarks of the flapper who is nearing sixteen.

Julia Bottomley

His Good Angel

By M. McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Marcella went soberly down the garden walk, although she wanted to dance. Her feet seemed made for dancing, they were so small and light-stepping. Notwithstanding, she was tall and straight and slight as a lily stalk. Her clinging white gown made her seem indeed a living lily, near akin to the white-blossomed ranks swaying lightly in the sunset breeze. She was all ready for the Elbridge party—in a little while the Andersons would call for her. It was like a fairy tale—this going in state—when she had no more than hoped to creep in modestly by the side door.

Indeed, at first she had not dared to think of going at all. Aunt Bab, who had brought her up, had scruples against dancing, and parties in general. Then there had been the matter of a frock. Marcella had nothing save a skimpy blue rag, worn for so long the whole village knew it.

Then all unaccountably a far-off city cousin had sent Aunt Bab a check with a note that ran:

"Spend this for Amy's little girl."

On top of that the Andersons had opened their summer home a month earlier. Marcella had been kind to their little lad the year before and they did not forget it. So she was going under Mrs. Anderson's wing to the Elbridge's grand entertainment.

The town had been agog over it since before the cards were out. It marked the home-coming of Elbridge Gray, heir and grandson. The wouldbe wise said it would also signalize the announcement of his betrothal to Sidney Cleve.

Marcella had not gainsaid these wise ones, albeit very certain that she and her heart knew differently. Back in the days when Aunty Bab had kept a school for the very small children of Lithgow first families Elbridge Gray had been among her worst and cleverest pupils, unmanageable unless allowed to sit beside Marcella and study her lessons instead of his own.

He had been jealous of her as any small Turk, even after he had outgrown Miss Weir's school. Indeed, until he came to the age of jackets and shyness he had not hesitated to claim her anywhere and everywhere, to frown sulkily if she smiled at another lad, even to take her to task for preferring girl friends. Then had come the Christmas pantomime, in which he had been fairy bridegroom, she fairy bride. After the wedding on the stage everybody had laughed and teased them so he turned on her as though it were her fault and rudely cast her off.

That had lasted for a year—then he had secretly made friends with her. "You know you belong to me just the same, but folks mustn't know," he had cautioned. "The idiots laugh so—and look so sly and—hateful. Of course I'll marry you when we are grown up—but don't you tell, no matter what anybody says."

She had not told. She would never tell. Elbridge had not written all through his five years' absence, but neither had he forgotten—he had sent her delicate remembrances at Christmas, St. Valentine's, Easter and on her birthday.

And when Grandmother Elbridge paid her yearly call at the cottage she never forgot to say: "Elbridge asked me to make you two his compliments when I saw you."

After that she usually launched into eloquent accounts of her grandson—how he was an honor man, or chosen to the most exclusive secret societies; how his classmates all but fought for the privilege of entertaining him in their fine homes—after a while what a figure he cut in the promenades and at commencements. Then he had gone abroad, and it was the same thing—London had welcomed him, Paris made him free of its best.

That was nothing remarkable, she gave you to understand. Of course Elbridge himself did not tell all these things—it was his friends, and the family's, who took pains to let her know he was getting the due of his name and blood, to say nothing of his looks and his talents.

Grandmother had let Lithgow folk know of Sidney Cleve. "I was at school with her grandmother at Miss Hale's. Elbridge met her in Paris, and they are the greatest friends. An heiress?

"Of course. You must have heard of the great Cleve iron works. A beauty, too. I hear the artists almost fight for the chance of painting her. You will see her, maybe, a little later"—this with a significant smile. "Of course she is greatly run after, but from all I can hear she does not lack respect for age and family, and all that."

Marcella had listened with a beating heart, yet somehow her faith had not grown weak. Judge, then, what came to her of ruth and blackness when at last she found herself facing Elbridge with Miss Cleve upon his arm, and heard him say: "Sidney, I want you to know my good angel. But for Marcella I should have grown up a savage—if my wickedness had permitted me to grow up at all." Somehow she had held herself upright, somehow answered properly—all she was conscious of afterward was the false flute note in Sidney Cleve's voice.

She sensed her rival's words rather than heard them; they were exactly what they should have been, but beneath and between them Marcella heard hate. The hate puzzled her; by a sort of sixth sense she had divined that Sidney Cleve did not love Elbridge; it must be his possessions.

But she could give no warning; it would be set down to jealousy. Besides she had no proof other than her instinct. Instinct fares badly when opposed to a woman's alluring beauty and a man's love.

Despair when deep enough is tonic. Marcella found herself laughing, talking gayly, dancing like thistledown with feet that did not tire. She did not let herself think back nor forward; instead she concentrated herself upon the flying moment.

With a curious dual sense she went through her own allotted part, yet took note of all about her. It was thus that very late she marked Sidney's absence from the ballroom at the very instant Elbridge came to her.

"Give me this waltz—no matter about your card," he said, whirling her away to the rhythm of wailing strings. For two rounds he said nothing, only held her delicately away from him and studied her face. Then with a quick shiver he drew her closer, whispering: "Marcella, I used to dream we should—go through life—together."

"You have found out better—in time." Marcella answered, in a voice whose evenness surprised her. Elbridge drew a deep breath. "You don't care—and I'm cur enough not to be sorry of it," he said. "Come away—out on the piazza—I want to talk—and this is the last chance."

"I think you can have nothing to say to me," Marcella began but found herself imperiously borne outside. Down, down the long smooth stretch Elbridge wheeled her, the music growing faint and fainter, until it was but a ghost of sound. There had been lights everywhere—now half the lanterns hung dark, and in the rest there were but flickers.

The shrubbery at the west angle was all dark, but to those upon the piazza, persons standing among it were faintly visible. Two stood there—man and woman, locked in a long embrace, and shuddering visibly.

Neither spoke for a minute. Elbridge made to draw Marcella away, muttering an imprecation under his breath. Then the full moon riding high among clouds, came suddenly out, and flooded the shrubbery with silver. The woman broke out passionately: "Carl! Carl! Take me with you! What do I care for money? For anything—if only I have you."

"You chose—the rich one," the man said, his voice that of an outlander: "You laughed at the count without a castle—who must ask your rich father to take care of both——"

"Did you come here to mock me?" Sidney Cleve demanded. "I came—because you called—" the stranger began. What else he might have said died in his throat—with a leap Elbridge had reached him, borne him down and backward, and knelt upon him with murder in his face.

"So! you coward!" he hissed through set teeth, "this is how you keep the promise that saved your miserable life. I forbade you to even think of—but never mind. Remember you had forfeited your life to me—and I spared you—on conditions. Don't delude yourself that I shall spare you again——"

"But you will. And spare yourself much more," Marcella cried, kneeling beside him to unlock his tightening fingers from the other man's throat. Sidney stood staring and dull-eyed as though stricken with madness. As Marcella wrenched loose Elbridge's fingers, Count Carl von Eulenberg groaned in relief, then said thickly: "Let me up! I will never more trouble you."

"Carl! Will you leave me?" Sidney entreated, flinging herself prone beside him. Elbridge got up, his face curiously hardened. "He shall not. I will see to that," he said. "It has come to me suddenly that by making him marry you I shall be sufficiently revenged on—both."

"Vengeance? Do you deserve it? Think well!" Marcella said, stepping back a pace. Again the moon hid herself. All was soft gray darkness. Through it Marcella spoke low and clear: "Forget—all of you—and let things be as they were. You may trust me—nobody shall ever know."

Elbridge caught her hand. "You need not say that," he said. "You are truth and honor all through—but one does not really forget. I thought I had forgotten you—now I know my mistake. Sidney it is I who should ask pardon—of you and the count. Let me help you with the angry father—I think I can make it smooth for you there. In return you must help me. I want to win back my good angel. She has saved me from murder—she must try to save me from myself."

A Gentleman.

He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing room, and another in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. —Charles Lamb.

They Made Up.

"Jack gave me a rainbow kiss last night." "What kind of a kiss is that?" "One that follows a storm."

The best sermon is the one that goes over your head and hits the other fellow.